




5-5-1865

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 44): May 5, 1865

Maxham & Wing

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 44): May 5, 1865" (1865). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 88.  
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## "BYE-AND-BYE."

Was the parting very bitter?  
Was the hand-clasp very tight?  
Is a storm of tears-drops falling  
From a face all sad and white?  
Think not of it; in the future  
Calmer, fair days are nigh;  
Gaze not backward, but look onward  
For a sunny "bye and bye."

Were some whispered words too cherished?  
Was the touch of lips too sweet?  
Are two souls once linked together  
Never, never more to meet?  
Never here, earth's poor, vain passion,  
Slowly smouldering out, must die,  
But its ashes shall return you  
Something purer "bye and bye."

Was the priceless love you lavished  
Sought for, played with, and then slain?  
Were the cruel and quivering remnants  
Calmly thrown you back again?  
Calmly, too, the remnants gather,  
Bring them home without a sigh,  
Sweet return they yet shall bring you  
In a coming "bye and bye."

Is your frail boat tossed and battered,  
With its sails all torn and wet,  
Crossing o'er a waste of waters  
Over which your sun has set?  
To the shore all won at last,  
To the smooth sand warm and dry,  
Far off shall hear your shattered vessel  
Safely, surely, "bye and bye."

Are the eyelids very weary,  
Does the tired head long for rest,  
Are the temples hot and throbbing,  
And the hands together pressed?  
Hush shall lay you on her bosom,  
Cool the poor lips parched and dry,  
And shall whisper "Rest is coming,  
Rest forever, "bye and bye."

And when calmed and cheered and freshened  
By her soul inspiring remnants  
Then look up, the heavens are bright'ning,  
Cease your weeping and rejoice;  
Out out for days departed,  
None will hear you or reply;  
But look on where light is breaking  
O'er a brighter "bye and bye."

Cover up with earnest strivings  
All the wayward, wasted past;  
Raise a torn and blood-stained banner  
To a victory won at last;  
Fold your wet and weary pinions,  
Hush your useless sob and sigh;  
Rest ye, rest ye, from your troubles,  
In the thought of "bye and bye."

—Once a Week.

A RAINY DAY,  
AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

CONCLUDED.

VIII.

Meanwhile, Arthur, in a very different frame of mind, was exulting over the success of his experiment. He had been wandering about the house, whistling and singing, and in the restlessness of his delight quite unable to settle himself to any quiet occupation, ever since Rose had left the nursery. Miss Hartley took possession of him at last, to try a new deed with her. He could make no excuse for refusing, and had to put himself at her disposal; but if poor Rose had known how sorely unwilling was one of the voices whose mingled strain she listened to, her lonely vigil that evening would have been kept with a far less heavy heart.

For Miss Hartley's smiles and wiles were all in vain. Mr. Leighton had no eyes for her fascinations, and no ears for her flatteries, this evening. He lounged about the parlor after dinner, trying all the seats in the room, but resting in none, and finally, to the astonishment of every body, sprang up suddenly and declared that he must take a walk. And so he would, although his mother expostulated, and Marian scolded outright, and Ella Hartley pouted expressively, without saying a word. She was both astonished and indignant at his behavior, and showed it so plainly that, for the first time since Arthur's return, the party in the drawing-room was a silent and uncomfortable one. He, selfish fellow! did not give them a thought as he battled with the wind and rain in his whimsical walk. He only looked back once as he changed the gate behind him, and that was not to the bright parlor windows before which Miss Hartley's figure glowed, but to one higher up, where a single light shone dimly, and where a shadowy face and form, only seen for a moment, caused his heart to thrill with a strange delight.

"Did he love her—this Margaret, or Rose, whichever she were—or was it only the mystery and romance with which he had invested her that kept her forever in his thoughts? Would he have cared for her if he had never suspected her to be something different from what she seemed? And was there any likelihood that her old childish love for him could deepen into such a feeling as he would wish to inspire where he did love?" These were the questions that he turned over in his mind and viewed in all aspects, growing so absorbed in them that he neither looked where he went nor thought of how the time was passing. Up one street and down another, through narrow lanes and dark alleys—wherever he happened to turn—he trudged along without purpose, unless as the state of his garments when he did reach home at last would seem to prove, to collect as much mud as he possibly could in the given time.

It was ten o'clock when he made his appearance in the parlor again—such a dismal figure that Miss Hartley shrank away from his approach for the first time in her life, and Marian exclaimed, pettishly,

"Why Arthur! what a sight you are! If you will be so rude as to spend the evening out of doors in such weather as this, you might at least have the grace not to come into the parlor in that plight!"

Mrs. Leighton looked up anxiously. "My dear, where have you been?" she asked, for Marian's sally had won only a smile in reply.

"I don't know, mother," he answered briefly.

"Don't know! Why Arthur, what is the matter with you?"

"I don't know that either—at least I am not prepared to give a diagnosis of my complaint at present," he said, gayly, and stooped down to kiss her good-night; adding, as he did so, "When I find out what the matter is I will tell you, be sure. Good-night, Miss Hartley; good-night, Marian. I will not shock your sensibilities any longer with such an exhibition."

And so he went up stairs leaving Marian really provoked by his cavalier treatment, and Miss Hartley in fever of mingled vexation and curiosity. What could he mean? What was it? He could not be in love with any body—there was no one here but herself, and his manner proved any thing but love for her! Poor Miss Hartley! she was obliged to feel that truth in all its keenness, as every day developed it more fully. For Arthur having but one purpose in his mind at that time—and that to obtain a private interview with Rose—gave no more of his time or attention to Ella than his duties as a host and a gentleman obliged him to. She arrayed herself in her most coquettish morning-robes, her most irresistible "baby-waists," her most voluminous flounces; she smiled and pouted by turns; she sang dashing, careless melodies one evening, and drooped pensively in a corner of the sofa another; then she quoted sentimental poetry about the heartlessness of men, and talked of going into a nursery, with a most bewitchingly significant air.

VOL. XVIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE..... FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1865.

NO. 44.

## Waterville Mail.

## WATERVILLE MAIL.

(For the Mail.)

## LAWS OF BREEDING.

I have heard it frequently argued that it was unwise to breed animals of any kind within the limits of consanguinity. Arguments adduced are that an inferior race will be produced—inferior, both in the physical development and also in intellectual (if we are allowed to say that animals have intellect). Now I know of no way to disprove this theory except we do by actual experience. Very many of our parents taught us the impropriety of marrying within the laws of consanguinity, as laid down in the eighteenth chapter of Leviticus, saying that "the offspring would be weak-minded, if not idiots." This may be all true in some instances, but does any one know that such marriages were the cause of such results. Perhaps some are better posted on the history of the crowned heads of Europe than the writer, and can tell us whether the ancestors of England's Queen, the last Louis of France, or the progenitors of any of the last rulers of Russia, or any of the European powers; or even the Rothschilds were persons of better physical development or of stronger intellects than their descendants. Undoubtedly all will allow that in nearly, if not all the generations of these families there have been some who possessed great capacity for the performance of the duties of their stations; while at the same time have lived some inferior persons. Is not this true of families never known to intermarry? I make these remarks hoping to draw information from some one, whose mind is so burdened that he wishes to impart knowledge to the ignorant. Now if the human race degenerates by such a practice, we may readily infer that animals will in the same way possess less muscle and nerve, weaker bones and maybe weaker heads.

I have had but little experience in breeding animals, but feel a strong conviction that however closely you breed animals, if from good healthy stock, the progeny will be in every way superior to the progenitors. I have known foolish children and foolish calves, too, the parents of which were in nowise related; and I have known such, too, descendants of parents nearly related. A gentleman living in China, Me., told me he had continued the same breed of hogs on his place for twenty years without injury. There are many causes for idleness aside from intermarriage, and there are many causes for weak muscles and nerves in both human and animal. Like begets like. The offspring of speckled animals is speckled; so the offspring of well developed animals will be equally well developed. Is it not by continuing to breed from the best Devons, Ayres-shires, Herefords and Jerseys, irrespective of consanguinity, that such good animals have been produced? What is the history of the finest flock of Merino sheep, South downs or Cotswolds? And we may look into the swine family and ask the origin of the Suffolk, Bedfords, etc. I would not argue that it is best for the human family to ally themselves by marriage any nearer than the Bible allows, but I do wish to know if it can be proved that any bad results have ever followed "close breeding of animals."

NEWBERNE, N. C., April 4th, 1865.

Messrs. Editors:

While passing through one of the wards of the Foster General Hospital, situated in this city, a few days since, I was accosted in the following manner by one of the brave Union soldiers, who was lying in bed, enduring acute distress from ghastly wounds, that he had received in the fight near Kinston, on the 10th of March—

"Are you a chaplain?" "No, sir." "Are you an officer?" "No; I have the honor to be a Delegate of the U. S. Christian Commission." "Will you please to write a letter for me to my sister, as I shall dictate?" "Certainly, sir, with the greatest pleasure." "I used to do my own writing, and for scores of others besides, but now must employ an amanuensis, or not write at all."

Seating myself by his bedside, he unbosomed to me his thoughts which were soon penned upon paper and sent away to a pious sister, residing in the far West.

While writing his letter, I became convinced that my pen was in the employ of a person of no ordinary mind, for the reason, that the construction of his sentences was of the highest order, his style of language graceful, and his composition complete. In compliance with a request, he gave me a brief history of his past few years, that was full of interest; and, you may judge of my surprise, when I found that suffering man to be a graduate of Wabash College, Ind., a school teacher, an editor (and you know all editors are patriotic), an author, a correspondent of two or more newspapers, and a private in the Union army, which, truly, was to him, an honorable position, as he had thrice refused promotion to military distinction;—rather an isolated case in these times when so many young men are climbing the dangerous ladder of military fame to become a second Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Kilpatrick, Thomas, Hooker, or the noble, Christian Howard of our own State, or a host of others too numerous to mention and quite too often fail in their anticipations;—but all the more commendable in him, as he wished to be a defender of his country in this hour of peril in the rank of a common soldier. In the battle of Kinston, a piece of shell from one of the rebel batteries took off his right forefinger at the third joint, and at the same time inflicting a deep wound in the right leg, just above the knee, which instantly felled him to the ground, where he lay, bleeding and faint, till picked up on the battle-field and conveyed to the hospital in this city. He had been with the gallant Sherman's army in the Department of the Cumberland, through the different parts of Tennessee, a part of Georgia, and was present at the capture and destruction of Atlanta. He saw thousands of our brave

"But there was occasion in this case. I wanted to know you."

"I am not in a position to be honored with your acquaintance, Mr. Leighton," said she, gravely.

"Nonsense! what do I care for your position? It is not that I want to know anything about, but yourself. You have been a wonder to me, Margaret, ever since—"

"You found me making a baby of myself that night," Rose interposed, hastily. "You wondered how any woman, not a fool entirely, could behave so foolishly. But you need not speak of that, Mr. Leighton; it is not pleasant to remember that I exposed such weakness to a stranger."

She spoke impatiently, and her cheeks glowed with vexation and shame, for she remembered too well what cause had moved her tears that night. Arthur was surprised at her excitement, but he took no apparent notice of it, and answered, quietly:—

"I did not wonder any such thing, if you will excuse me for contradicting you, Margaret—and, moreover, I was not going to speak of that incident at all. Since you have alluded to it, I will confess that my unexpected interview with you under those circumstances added a great deal to the interest which I felt at my first sight of you. Ask my mother if I did not—even in the excitement and bustle of my first hour at home—inquire about you, and listen eagerly to all of your history that she could tell me, especially to the enthusiastic praises that she lavished upon you. You need not smile so scornfully, as if my words or thoughts about you were matter of no concern whatever. I am aware that such is your feeling, but in spite of it I have persisted in forcing myself upon your attention. Shall I go on now, and say what I wish? or is it really disagreeable to you to have to listen?"

"What does he mean?" thought Rose, for he spoke proudly as one who had a right to be offended, and yet put restraint upon himself. "I do not understand you, Mr. Leighton," she said, aloud. "I was not conscious of 'smiling scornfully,' and I do not see how you can interpret my feelings toward you. If it pleases you to speak, it will please me to listen," she added, gently.

"Truly?" and a bright look shone upon Rose, which more than repaid her for her admission. "Then I can speak freely, and I will tell you at once why it is that I have so earnestly desired this interview. You do not know how many attempts I have made to obtain it, and how constantly I have been disappointed. If you did, you would not wonder that I began to think you were really avoiding me from personal dislike. Tell me now, before I go any farther, was I wrong? did I do you injustice in thinking this?"

He waited for an answer, but Rose trembled and was silent. I do not know by what sudden inspiration the truth was made manifest to her at this moment, but it stood clear before her at last. She no longer wondered at his strange language to one so far below him in the social scale. He knew her—yes, and he loved her; the whole blissful truth flashed like lightning into her soul, and made her speechless with unutterable joy. And Arthur did not wonder, either, at the sudden paleness which overspread Rose's face, at the downcast eyes and mute, trembling lips, nor yet at the quick, returning blood, which rushed in waves of crimson over neck and cheek and brow; for the same electric flash had revealed all her heart to him, and he knew that no words were needed between them.

Yet one little word he must ask to make love's assurance more sure, more blissfully perfect; "Margaret—Rose! you know that I know you—you know that I love you! give me one word!" he pleaded.

But she was slow to answer, though he waited with passion and eagerness glowing all over his face, with impatience trembling upon his lips, with hope and fear alternating in his eyes. Her head was bent low, and her hands clasped over her face. Tears fell through the linked fingers, and she had no power of utterance in her sudden, unlooked-for, overwhelming happiness. She lifted her head at last, but turned it away from him, with trembling fingers unfastened a ribbon upon her neck, and then shyly, without speaking, and with still averted face, held out something for him to take. He seized it eagerly, unclasped it (for it was a little worn gold locket) with trembling haste, and then, with a cry of gladness, snatched Rose to his heart, utterly regardless of place or circumstance, and indifferent, in his first rapture, whether all the world looked on or not.

"Is it so? Is it really true, Rose, darling?" he cried, when he could find voice for his delight. "You have kept that little locket all these years—you have never forgotten me—you have loved me always! Oh, Rose, my own little Rose! how can I tell you how happy you have made me?" and as if words could not tell, he strained her more closely to his heart and covered her face and hair with passionate kisses.

It was a thousand wonders that no prying eyes from street or house-top peered through the light screen of willow-boughs to discover the strange, imprudent scene; that no passer-by witnessed what was done with such thoughtless openness, and what would have furnished such precious scandal to the gossips of Edgemoor. But no one saw—more thanks to the lateness of the hour, and the quiet, unfrequented street upon which that side of the square fronted, than to Arthur Leighton's prudence or self-control.

Rose was the first to awake from the wild, delicious dream, and to remember outward proprieties. She drew herself away from Arthur, glowing and beautiful with her happy blushes, and declared that she must go home directly; she could not stay another moment. And she was hurrying off, but Arthur held her. "Not so fast," he said; "you do not go alone now, Rose, and he drew her arm within his, and clasped the hand so fondly and so proudly, with such a happy triumph in his smile, eyes, such a tender love radiant in him, but just resigned herself to his protection, and suffered her heart to rest content in its deep and full delight.

A slight misgiving came over her as they drew near Oak Lawn; "What will Mrs. Leighton think?" she asked, anxiously; "it will seem so strange to see me walking up to the door with you."

"If one has no occasion to say six words, what matter?" asked Rose.

"It is a sight she will see very often after this, my darling. The sooner she gets accustomed to it the better," he returned, coolly.

"And Marian—and Miss Hartley," Rose continued, "whatever will they say of me? I know they will both be so much disappointed. Marian has set her heart upon having Ella for a sister."

"And so she will, unless she and Charleton fall out between this and Christmas. I have no intention of forbidding the bans."

"You know that is not what I mean," said she with a blush. "It was not as Mr. Hartley's sister, but as your wife, that Marian wished for the relationship; and Miss Hartley herself—"

"Well, what?"—for Rose had stopped suddenly.

"Nothing at all; I've no right to speak of her, don't think of it," she exclaimed, hurriedly, ashamed of herself for having given expression to what seemed now an ungenerous and unkind suspicion.

But Arthur only laughed.

"My dear little Rose, I know all about it; you need not look as if you had said such a mean thing. I know if I asked Miss Hartley to-night to marry me she would say 'yes' very prettily; but it doesn't follow that she will feel so badly if I don't. No indeed! She cares no more for me than she would for any one else who might happen to stand just in my place. So her disappointment, if she feels any, will soon be forgotten in some brilliant conquest. Do you doubt it?" he asked, mischievously, as the little troubled look lingered still on Rose's face. "If you feel so remorseful for the wrong you have done her, suppose you make restitution—eh? Take back the locket, and all it was meant to signify, and make over the prize to Miss Hartley?"

"So I will, as far as the locket is concerned. Give it back to me; I want it," she retorted, reaching out her hand for the trinket.

"And for the rest?"

"For the rest, I have no restitution to make, for I had the prior claim." And with a bright mischievous smile, which left a sunbeam in Arthur's heart, she ran hastily through the open gate, and up the long avenue to the house, before he could overtake and join her again.

That evening she kept watch in the nursery, as usual. The children slept, and she sat beneath the light with her work-basket beside her, but she was not sewing. Her fingers were idling with the little old locket; her face was radiant with the play of smiles and blushes and a tumult of delights, and fears, and anticipations, sweetened and stirred by her happy heart. It was hard to repress all these outward signs of her inward gladness until she could be alone and give them vent. Now there was no one to wonder at her, and she could smile or cry, according to the varying mood of her joy, without having to give a reason why.

The house was very quiet; even from the drawing-room there seemed to come no sound of music or of voices. She noticed it at last, and wondered why they were so silent down stairs, and began to listen to see if she could hear any one speaking. She thought she distinguished Arthur's tones by-and-by, and soon there sprang up a murmur of voices, growing louder and more eager, as if from some sudden excitement. Rose listened tremulously, and drew her breath more quickly as she heard the parlor door open hastily and some one come flying up the stairs. She knew the sound of Marian's light feet, but she had hardly time for wonder or apprehension before Marian had burst into the room and thrown her arms around Rose's neck, crying out, in excited, incoherent explanation,

"Oh, Margaret! oh, Rose! how could you? To think you should have been here so long and we never knew you! To think that you would not tell me!" quite heedless of the children or the disturbance she was making in their quiet domains.

Rose was saved from the necessity of answering, otherwise than by kisses and close embraces, by Arthur's appearance the next minute.

"Marian, you are to come out of the nursery at once, Clara says, or you will have both the children awake. Rose, come down stairs—they all want you—they know everything. Come, my darling!"

And Rose went with him, hardly knowing where she was or what she was doing, feeling as if she were in some strange dream, and yet sure of one glad reality—that she was clasped and supported by her dear arms. Mrs. Leighton and Clara were as ready as Marian had been to receive her with open arms.

There is no need to picture the scene that followed Rose's entrance, or to dwell upon the perfect happiness which at last crowned the young girl's life of sorrow. It will all be easily imagined, especially when I tell you that from this time till Christmas-day, when the two fair girls bore their bridal honors and wore their bridal blushes together, not a shadow of a cloud came to darken the light of joy which shone so gloriously upon her. Ella Hartley was bridesmaid for both, radiant as ever, and to Rose's great comfort, showing no sign of a broken heart, and saying to Rose,

"If it had been any one but you, you do, really, romantic Margaret, I should have been dreadfully jealous; that I will confess. But as it is, the story is perfect. I would not have had it altered for the world!"

And Rose was fain to confess that she would not either.

D'ISRAELI ON AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.—Even the Tories of England are waking up to some understanding of the character of our American democracy. In a recent speech, D'ISRAELI, the acknowledged leader of their party, said:

"The democracy of America must not be confounded with the democracy of the Old World. It is not formed of the scum of turbulent cities, neither is it merely a section of an exalted middle class which speculates in stocks and calls that progress. [Loud cheers and laughter.] It is a territorial democracy, if I may use that epithet without offending the honorable gentleman opposite. [Hear and laughter.] Aristotle, who has taught us a master of the wise things we know, never said a wiser one than this—that the cultivators of soil are the least inclined to sedition and violent courses. [Hear.] Now, being a territorial-democracy, their character has been formed and influenced

in a manner by the property with which they are connected, and by the pursuits they follow, and a sense of responsibility arising from a reality of possessions may much influence their political conduct. [Hear.] And I believe they are very much more inclined to welcome the laborers to their fields, to see around them the product of the earth, and to behold happiness in those households to which they are so much attached, than to plunge into the mysteries of a new and terrible war. [Hear, Hear.]

No DODGING.—The Boston Advertiser, in a well considered article, charges—and justly, too, we think—upon the Confederate government the responsibility of the assassination of President Lincoln; and the judgment of the world will eventually endorse the charge, notwithstanding the tardy disclaimers and regrets put forth by individual supporters of that government. The following is the conclusion of the article:—

"General Lee, it seems, is so amiable as to express his disapproval of the murder of the President, because, as the reporter says, 'the South would have made better terms with Lincoln than with Johnson.' Truly an adequate reason for disapproval of assassination! Without inquiring whether or no these words are his, we may say we have no doubt he does disapprove it. We have no question that the whole Southern Confederacy, in what is left of its government, in what is left of its press, and in what is left of its army, will disapprove of it. But it is essential to observe that, under the circumstances, such disapproval is nothing but the cry of abject misery for the mercy of the conqueror."

Whether any specified Southern officer did or did not withhold bread from the men who have been starved to death; whether any particular president or secretary did or did not commission Booth and his companions; whether any citizen now on trial did or did not hold the ropes with which the men of East Tennessee were hung, the government which has taken the responsibility of such outrages is to be held for them, and the people who supported that government are to be held responsible as well. Rewards for the assassination of Mr. Lincoln have been offered under the eye of that government, and not improved. Prisoners have died of starvation under the officers of that government, and those officers have been kept in place. Citizens were hanged for not changing their opinions and allegiance, and that government most publicly expressed its approval of the murder. That government is convicted of such crimes. For any individual under that sentence to cry out that he is not personally acquainted with Booth, or that he was not in Washington on Good Friday, is as if Booth himself should claim our mercy, because he was not present at the attack on Mr. Seward.

And for the partners in these crimes to go farther yet,—to assume the aspect of virtue,—and to say, like school-boys, that they are tired of playing rebellion, and now will play the other game of loyalty, is equally preposterous.

We need some little time of trial before we naturalize our citizens. We need to teach them something of our institutions before we ask their help in administration. They need not be afraid of being called upon for too much aid in our work of reconstruction. There will be half a million of our army ready to take homes in the newly discovered parts of America, whom we shall trust more heartily than the savages whom we find there. We shall rely on them for the salvation of the future more than on the new-found loyalty of those who have been disappointed in secession.

The simple truth is, that the real murderer of the President is already in our hands. Booth, who has escaped, is but an insignificant accomplice—a tool of the great enemy whom we had disarmed before. It is an awful device of this disarmed enemy to cry "stop thief" at Booth's heels. He would gladly turn our attention to the ferreting out of a few worthless braves. But the country is too sadly in earnest to be thrown off its guard, or defeated in its main purpose. The confederacy has murdered the President—the confederacy is our enemy—the confederacy is in our power and the confederacy will pay such penalties that it will never commit such crime again.

THE STABILITY OF OUR GOVERNMENT. Says The Boston Post; "We agree with The Springfield Republican that there is no other country in the world, where the loss of its national head, under circumstances of such rare and peculiar aggravation as attended the death of our lamented President, and that too of the whole country in a state of war, and a portion of it in a state of political unrest and transition, would have occasioned so little financial derangement as has been experienced here. For four years past our finances have been the most sensitive point connected with our Government, and have been the first to reflect the influence of success or defeat. But in this instant the wheels of Government have not stopped for a moment, and an event which would have shaken almost any other Government to its very centre, has no perceptible depressing effect upon the business of the country or the credit of the nation. By our national calamity the world will learn an impressive lesson of the permanence and stability of republican institutions. The ruler dies but the republic lives."

The death of Booth, instead of his capture, may disappoint expectation; but it seems to us that it is most appropriate that the hunted assassin should meet his death by the hands of the officers of the law on his trial. He could or would have told nothing which cannot better be elicited from his accomplices, and the public is spared the spectacle of a melo-dramatic trial, with passionate declamations from paid advocates, bringing forward a plea of insanity, leading in a defiant speech from the killers of tyrants, claiming a proud place among the killers of tyrants. Having done the deed of a devil, it is better that he should die the death of a dog."

A New York lady writes to the Evening Post of that city, that there are certain places in the most frequented streets of New York, where idlers gather for the purpose of staring at females as they pass, and she calls the places by the unclassical but nevertheless apposite name of "monkey roosts."



boys fall in battle, bleed and die in the deadly conflict, far from loved ones at home. He also saw the Delegates of the Christian Commission, like good Samaritans, as they are, carrying their drink, cordials, restoratives, bathing their fevered brows, moistening their parched lips pointing the dying heroes to Jesus—the great Captain of their salvation, bidding them by faith to follow him through death's dark valley, fearing no evil; taking the soldier's last message to a fond wife or dear mother, and administering other acts of Christian charity. While a witness to these neighborly acts, he saw the theory of Christianity practiced upon his suffering comrades in arms. He saw the angels of love and mercy weeping over the folly of human ambition and the dire results of scheming traitors. The sight affected his heart and his powers of thought into action. In the still hours of night, while friend and foe were wrapped about in the strong arms of sleep, unconscious of all harm, the spirit of poetic inspiration stole in upon his heart and forced an ode, devout, to God, for such a glorious Commission, to ameliorate the physical and spiritual condition of the wounded, suffering soldier. I solicited of him the following lines to send your paper for publication, knowing, from his own lips, that they are the thoughts of one who wishes the U. S. Christian Commission unbounded prosperity. Hasten the day when this war will end.

## LINES

Dedicated to the U. S. Christian Commission.

Draw near ye skeptics! shake the worldly dust  
From off your feet, the ground ye tread is holy;  
No worldly greed is here, no miser lust,  
But love, like that of Him, the meek and lowly.

Here is religion, unfeigned and pure,  
Here you may read the sad yet pleasing story  
Of hearts made strong their sufferings to endure,  
Of healing balm for wounds from fields of glory.

Yes, here behold the presence of the Spirit  
Upon the stricken heart like dove descending,  
Where holy men, who Christ's fond love inherit,  
Beside the soldier's couch in prayers are bending.

Oh! ye who think mankind are all unfeeling,  
Oh! ye who scoff at women's words of cheer,  
If ye would see earth's angels come with healing,  
Upon their wings, in Heaven's name, draw near.

Yes, Christ's Communion! ye are evangelists,  
Earthly—vicerepts of our Lord and King,  
Ministering Spirits! ye are kin to angels,  
That such glad tidings of great joy you bring?

What is the glare of earthly pomp and glory  
When matched with fame and honor such as thine!  
How dim the page that tells the monarch's story  
Beside thy record traced with pen divine.

How spirits must delight to hear to heaven  
These words, "another soldier kneels in prayer,"  
And tune their harps to songs of sins forgiven  
Before the throne, and Him who sitteth there.

"Christian Commission! bless thee forever!"  
Methinks I hear celestial angels swelling  
Along the shores of that immortal river  
Where fountains' wealth the vast armies swell.

Oh! in that day when Heaven's vast armies gather,  
Ye and your soldier through shall all be gayer,  
And ye shall say, "Here, here are we, O Father!  
And those whom Thou hast given to our prayer."

EMANC.

WHERE IS YOUR FLAG?—Franklin Pierce was called out at Concord the other day to make remarks on the assassination of the President, and in complying, while vaunting himself somewhat upon his patriotism, a person in the crowd cried out, "Where is your flag?" The Ex-President replied by saying that he did not think it necessary to display a flag whose ancestors had followed it through the Revolution, whose brothers had sustained it in the war of 1812, and who had himself fought under it in Mexico.

If Mr. Pierce will go down into the rebel States, he will find there men whose ancestors did as much as his in the Revolution, for his country—fought for the flag in 1812, and in Mexico, and still they are to day in arms against the government; is it not necessary for those rebels and traitors to show their flag? Jefferson Davis fought well in Mexico, is that a reason why he should be considered loyal to-day? Will it wipe out his treason since? No man fought more bravely, or rendered better service in the Revolution until he turned traitor than Benedict Arnold, but does that excuse his great crime? Men must be judged by their acts at the present time, as loyal or disloyal, and not by what their fathers did, and the People will ask Franklin Pierce, and of every other man who stands in an equivocal position in this contest, "Where is your flag?" [Free Press.]

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE.—In our opinion, the time is coming when we may need, not merely the negro labor, but the negro vote.

The negro when educated and intelligent, will ever think, speak, act and vote on the side of freedom, civilization, republicanism, loyalty and Protestant religion. Educate him and put a vote in his hand, and no truer patriot walks the American soil.

But can you admit the negro to political rights without accepting him in social life? The man we reply, who would disfranchise the negro in order to secure the negro's inferiority not only pays the negro a high compliment, but shows himself the negro's inferior. Surely no one can be the inferior of the man who is obliged to maintain his superiority by brute force and oppressive laws over his competitor. Cut the two things, political rights and social equality, do not belong to the same sphere of thought. Political rights are a matter of public law and constitution; social intercourse belongs to individual taste and choice. Your purple and fine-linen democratic leader does not expect his mob material to enter his fashionable society. A Fernando Wood may indeed consort with Patrick in the caucus or tap-room; but Patrick never expects to see the inside of his mansion.

Who supposes that he is obliged to be an associate with a soter even of the same ticket? What more separate than Jew and Gentile? Yet they belong to the same politics. We are a thousand communities in one, divided by a countless variety of principles. These communities may for ages vote at the same polls and for the same candidates, and yet remain with scarce any other point of contact. The political enfranchisement of the negro involves no social amalgamation. That whole matter at any rate can be left to regulate itself.

[Methodist Quarterly Review.]

THE FAMILY OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON. Mr. Johnson's family resides at present in Nashville, Tenn., and consists of his wife and four children—two sons and two daughters. His son Robert is twenty-nine, and Andrew Johnson, Jr., is twelve years of age. His two daughters, with their families, also reside in Nashville, having been driven from their homes in Eastern Tennessee. One of Mr. Johnson's sons, (Charles) a surgeon in the army, was thrown from his horse in the year 1863, and killed; and Colonel Stover, a son-in-law, com-

manding the Fourth regiment of Tennessee infantry, was killed in the battle of Nashville while gallantly leading his command, on the 18th of December, 1864. Judge Paterson, who is also a son-in-law of the President, lives in Nashville. Mrs. Johnson has been in delicate health for some time past, and it is probable Mrs. Col. Stover will preside over the Presidential household.

## Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN L. R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... MAY 5, 1865.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

A. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

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## ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING, or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.'

MAY-DAY AT WATERVILLE.—Of course we must indulge the children with some kind of merry-making on May-day. They must have a morning walk or an afternoon picnic. The custom is older than our grandfathers and as pleasant as May flowers. But who looked to see a holiday for every body?—one that would close the shops and bring old and young all together on the green Common for a merry time? So it was in Waterville—and did any body ever see it so before?

Some weeks ago, when Lee surrendered, Mr. Nye and his Cadets arranged to have a procession, in which all the boys and girls should be invited to join, as an expression of joy. Then came the tragic death of the President, and the banners had to be draped in black, and the merry time was turned to sadness and mourning. The children bore the disappointment cheerfully, and after a second failure on account of rainy weather, it was arranged to have the procession and other pleasant things on May-day.

Two o'clock, at Town Hall Common, was the time set for all boys and girls to meet and crown the May Queen, and have other exercises. Two o'clock brought not only the boys and girls, but their fathers and mothers, and grandfathers and grandmothers. From all the village, from the town, and from neighboring towns, they gathered in such numbers that the boys had hard work to get room to form their procession. The beautiful little May Queen could hardly find room for her tiny coach without "colliding" with the curious and happy crowd. We looked to see somebody run over! Only think of being trampled under foot by six prancing boys, all dressed in their best, and crushed under the wheels of a little coach about as big as that of Queen Mab, laden with a tiny queen as heavy as a dozen rose buds!

But of the band of music—the pleasant songs—the crowning of the Queen—the hundreds of banners—the four or five hundred boys and girls—the long procession—the good time in the hall—the cakes and good things eaten—the good things said and done—the rousing cheers of the boys—the good behavior of the boys and girls—all these things would take too much room if told as they deserve; and as every body was there to see for themselves, it is not necessary. It was such a May day as we never saw in Waterville before; but such as we hope to see in many future years.

Four years ago the boy who led the procession was a slave at the South, as was also the other who carried the banner with the eagle holding Jeff. Davis in his claws. They are good playfellows with our village boys, who have elected them to the places they hold, without any of the spleen sometimes expressed by their schiors. There is no copper in the heads of boys. A good boy, who plays his part well and behaves well, is a good play-fellow—so they think, and so they ought to be taught.

DIED.—In Augusta, at Cony Hospital, May 1, Mr. Samuel Emery, of Fairfield, aged 69 years. Mr. Emery enlisted in the 19th Me., in Aug., 1862, when his age was 67 years, and was afterwards discharged for poor health. He enlisted again in the invalid corps in 1863, and has since been employed as guard at the jail at Augusta. He was a man of marked energy, genial disposition, and great physical vigor; but prominent over all was his earnest patriotism, as testified in his acts. He said a leading object in offering his services to the country was to set an example for young men.

LIEUT. CHARLES P. GARLAND, of the 19th Maine regiment, is at home on leave of absence. He is a son of David Garland Esq., of Winslow; was wounded by a ball in the thigh, in Aug. '62, at Gettysburg, and again at High Ridge, Virginia, April 7th, '65.

(For the Mail.)  
"President Lincoln and the Theatre."  
Messrs. Editors:—The communication of Dr. Sheldon, on this subject, in your last week's paper shows very clearly that he and I differ in regard to our notions of theatre-going and the theatre. He announces himself as "one of those who do not share in the sorrow that the late chief magistrate of our country met his death in a theatre." I am one of that class, which will be found, I think, to be rather numerous. I am willing to stand recorded as belonging to that class, and cannot reasonably object, of course, to his recording himself as belonging to the opposite class.

As to the propriety of alluding to the place of the President's death at all, on the occasion referred to—not, indeed, for the purpose of "exposing and condemning his error" (which, as every one who heard me knows, was not my purpose, and was, at most, only indirectly done), but, as I expressly stated, for the purpose of improving the event—I am not surprised, either, that we should differ upon this point. I stated at the time that there would probably be some difference of opinion as to the propriety of the allusion. But I have always supposed that public men were public property, both in their lives and in their death; and if there was any lesson which the public could derive from any circumstance connected with either, it was proper that their attention should be called to it,—and if so, when more appropriately than while the event is fresh in the minds of all?

Indeed, I am satisfied that there is a false notion on this point even in regard to private individuals. How often do we hear men praised at their funerals, in "the ears of the religious assembly," who are spoken of quite differently in the streets, and among those whom they have ruined by their injustice or their lust! Are the interests of morality and religion better promoted by such a course, than they would be by a little greater plainness, and frankness? I trow not. And as clergymen are not expected to "seek the columns of a printed sheet" to expose the faults of their parishioners, which they may have neglected to expose "in the church," I do not see why propriety should have required it in this case, supposing any such thing to have been attempted. Indeed, I can but think, that the offence was, not so much that the President was censured, but the theatre. And for this offence I willingly stand responsible, although it be an institution (like various other city institutions which might be named) that has such a "hold upon the human mind, that no position is likely to displace it."

But this note has already extended to a greater length than I intended. Indeed, I should not have thought it necessary to reply at all, had there not been in the article referred to one or two misconceptions which I thought ought to be corrected.

J. T. CHAMPLIN.

SUPPER TO THE FIREMEN.—There was a very pleasant time at the Williams House, Wednesday evening, in a social supper given to the firemen and some of their friends, by Joshua Nye, Esq. All classes of our citizens were represented, and a more genial, friendly interview we have rarely seen. The active exercises at the table closed at 9 o'clock, and nearly an hour and a half followed in speeches and pleasantries, in which a dozen or more guests made their contributions. Prominent among the topics of commendation was the generosity of the host, whose interest in the prosperity of the fire department of our village, and his position as an honorary member of one of the fire companies, suggested the entertainment. The part of landlord Atkins was done in excellent taste, and we think the guests, one and all—and they were between seventy and eighty—will admit that of all the pleasant suppers and social good times they have enjoyed together, this was second to none.

WATERVILLE ENGINE CO. No. 3.—At the annual meeting of Waterville Threes, held May 1st, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Jas. P. Hill, Foreman.  
E. F. Webb, 1st Ass't Foreman.  
Morris Soule, 2d "  
Tristram M. Goding, Clerk.  
Simoon Keith, Ass't "  
T. W. Atherton, Foreman Hose.  
E. G. Meader, George Jewell, C. R. McFadden, Standing Committee.

TICONIC ENGINE CO. elected the following officers, at their annual meeting on Monday evening:—

C. G. Carleton, Foreman.  
J. Meader, Assistant Foreman.  
Chas. Sloper, Hose Master.  
M. Blumenthal, Clerk.  
W. H. Watson, Assistant Clerk.  
C. R. Folsom, 1st Pipeman.  
Henry Williams, 2d do.  
H. J. Wendall, Steward.  
H. G. Tozier, N. Meader, W. B. Arnold, Standing Committee.

We hope all friends of the soldiers, young and old, will remember that the surrender of the rebel armies does not restore to health the thousands of our brave men wounded in the late battles; and also that the Soldier's Aid Society still continues to hold meetings every Wednesday afternoon for the relief of these men, and has plenty of material for willing hands to work upon. They have just sent to the Sanitary Commission a box containing the following articles:—

28 flannel shirts, 1 cotton shirt, 2 doz. pairs hose, 15 pairs cotton drawers, 1 pillow and case, 16 arm slings, 1 sheet, 1 comfort bag, and a quantity of magazines.

Two new first class passenger cars have just been put upon the Portland and Kennebec Railroad—the best, it is confidently asserted, that have ever been put upon any road this side of Boston.

## OUR TABLE.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE for May is a brilliant number. As an oracle of fashion this magazine is without a rival, and its rich collections of stories and miscellaneous reading give it a wonderful popularity.

Published by Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl Street, New York, at \$3.50 a year.  
STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—"Out in the World, or Paul Clifford on a Cruise," Oliver Optic's new story, is continued in the May number of this juvenile magazine, which contains much other good reading, including a piece for declamation, a dialogue, &c.  
Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN of Waterville, interested in the proposed Soldier's Monument, are requested to meet at Temperance Hall, Saturday afternoon, May 6th, at 3 o'clock. The object of the meeting is to make arrangements for a public levee to raise funds for the proposed object. Between three and four hundred dollars are already in the Treasury of the Monument Fund Association, and it is proposed to arrange for a generous increase of this sum by this levee. Let there be a full attendance at the hall, to-morrow, of both ladies and gentlemen.

JUVENILE CONCERT.—Miss Barney having closed her spring term, will give a Juvenile Concert on Wednesday evening, May 10th, at Town Hall, assisted by Mr. J. T. Patterson, Violinist, of Augusta. The very pleasant entertainments arranged by Miss Barney, and so well known to our citizens, are guaranty enough that this concert will be worthy of a good house. The exercises of her well trained class, varied by a few choice songs by some of our favorite singers, make a good programme.

A MEETING of the Trustees of the State Agricultural College was held at Augusta on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, and the following officers were chosen: Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Bangor, President; S. L. Goodale, Esq., Saco, Clerk; Hon. Phineas Barnes, Portland, Treasurer. Earnest efforts for the speedy establishment of the institution will now be put forth.

The Raleigh Progress begs that the government will not leave the people to their present state rulers, or their last condition will be worse than their first. It wants a military governor, and a force to protect the polls, until they can get rid of Vance and his co-traitors. It says that all their sacrifices will have been in vain if this is not done.

DENIER BROTHERS.—The exhibition of the "Denier Troupe," at Town Hall, Saturday evening, promises to be a very exciting and interesting entertainment. The Denier Brothers have been applauded in the highest terms in the large cities, some of their gymnastic exercises excelling those of any other performers in the country. Blondin found his only rival in Denier, who promises on this occasion, among a score other things, to carry his cooking stove and fixings to the centre of the tight-rope, light his fire, cook his dinner, and eat it—inviting his friends to join him if they can. No doubt the entertainment will be one of rare interest to old and young. Tickets 25 cts.

TESTIMONY.—The tendency of the late national tragedy to unite all classes of men in one great national Union party, whose object shall be to harmonize conflicting sections and bring the country back to peaceful prosperity, is already demonstrated in all directions. Here is an extract of a letter written from one old line democrat to another—Mr. William E. Wales, a well known Waterville boy, now of New York, to J. M. Crocker, Esq., of this place. His expressions are frank and earnest, and will meet the "amen" of most of his old democratic friends in this section.

"During the past four years we have seen, in this country, things transpire which startled the community almost to distraction, but the last act of the murderer has entirely surpassed, in point of enormity and horror, all crimes ever committed. It is not only that the President has been assassinated, but the country itself has been outraged. Such a crime as this, we all supposed belonged to the Italian nation, as they have furnished such characters before; but to realize that the American people are degenerating to the degree this would indicate—lowering themselves in the scale of humanity so much—is terrifying—perfectly awful. Hereafter a new crime is staring us in the face. At a moment, perhaps the most trying in the nation's life, some midnight assassin may plunge a dagger into the very heart of our nation, and we be thrown into anarchy. What motive could any one have to commit such a deed? Certainly no one is the gainer, for so minutely and wisely has our Constitution been formed, that no one can usurp the power, were all our Cabinet Officers struck down at once. The Country would survive the blow and keep on its uniform course. Grief often unites families that nothing else would harmonize; and I believe that the American people are firmer in their determination now, to carry out this war, than at any time since its commencement. Not only on this point are they united, but they have but one feeling towards those who have any sympathy with this rebellion, either North or South, or in Europe. If I ever had any feeling of kindness or sympathy for the South it is entirely gone. Some may say the South will not sanction this—then ask them who has been making war on us for the past four years? Is there anything in the persecutions of the early Christians equal to the treatment of our prisoners? May God have mercy on them, for I never would, could I settle this question; and I am almost constrained to say that we deserve another rebellion if we leave unhung any scoundrel in the South that has held a state office, or a commission in the army. But worse than either of these is the man who now says he is glad the deed is done!"

BEHIND THE TIMES.—A committee in the Massachusetts Legislature has reported in favor of going back to a license system for the sale of intoxicating drinks. The people of that State would do much better to enforce the law they have. No more compromises with rum-sellers or traitors.

## War of Redemption.

Sherman had no difficulty in bringing Johnston to the right terms immediately after the arrival of Grant at Raleigh, and the last great rebel army was glad to surrender on the same terms accorded to Gen. Lee. Hardee and Beauregard were included in the surrender, but Wade Hampton sulkily rode off with a few others, choosing to abandon the country rather than submit.

Gen. Dana, following the bad example of Gen. Sherman, agreed with Dick Taylor for an armistice, allowing the rebels the same terms allowed Johnston, subject, of course, to the approval of his superiors. The surrender of the rebel troops west of the Mississippi, under Kirby Smith, is also reported, and it is not supposed that any rebel force will hold out for any length of time. All guerrillas will hereafter be hung.

The end of the war of redemption has come.

TICONIC VILLAGE CORPORATION.—At the annual meeting, on Monday afternoon, John B. Bradbury was chosen Moderator and H. B. White, Clerk; and then as the attention of everybody was engrossed by the May-Day festival of the children, it was voted to adjourn for one week. On Monday next, therefore, the other officers will be chosen and the other articles of the warrant acted upon.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR."—The *Lewiston Journal*, in boasting of the "substantial dam" at that place, says that Mr. Thos. J. Emery, under whose superintendence it was built, "has planted at Lewiston, as well as in the Kennebec river at Bath, indisputable evidence of his ability as a dam and wharf builder." We are glad to see this testimony to the skill of an excellent mechanic, and could name other places where the proof may be seen.

WINTER PEARS.—Mr. Hiram Cornforth, of this town, has presented us with samples of winter pears, of which he raised half a bushel on one dwarf tree, that kept perfectly sound, without a single exception, to the 15th of April. They are large, fresh, and of excellent flavor; but he has lost the name, among a large variety of trees he is now training. It has some resemblance to the Lawrence, and to the Lycurgus. Mr. C. is cultivating a large pear orchard, and can hardly fail, with his nice perception of what is needful to success, to demonstrate the practicability of raising the pear to good profit in Kennebec.

We refer to the card of Mr. Folsom, boot and shoe maker, in Marston's Block. Mr. F. is an excellent workman, worthy to be encouraged, and able to please those of our young men who are "pretty precisely particular" about their boots. Try him and see.

FRANK BOFFISH, of Waterville, has been commissioned Assistant Surgeon in the First Maine Cavalry.

STARTLING!—President Johnson, by proclamation, offers a reward of \$100,000 for the apprehension of Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond; \$25,000 each for Clement C. Clay, Jacob Thompson, George N. Saunders and Beverly Tucker; and \$10,000 for W. C. Cleary; they having "incited, concerted and procured the atrocious murder of the late President Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of Secretary Seward." Of course the government is in possession of evidence against these individuals which has not yet been made public.

Davis was reported at Yorkville, S. C., on the 28th, with one day's start of Stoneman.

As was fitting and proper, the body of the assassin Booth was quietly put out of sight, and no sympathizing admirer will ever be able to make a pilgrimage to his grave or weep over his remains.

ONE HARRIS, a Maryland member of Congress is on trial for inciting rebel soldiers to disregard their parole and return to the South to renew their opposition to the government.

MRS. SUBRATT, at whose house the man was arrested who made the assault upon Secretary Seward, owns a hotel at which Booth and his companion stopped in their flight through Maryland. She gave directions for their entertainment there, and directed that two carbines which had been kept concealed in the house should be given to them, Booth's boot with his last name erased, were found in the house of Dr. Nudd, who undertook to deny all knowledge of the character of his patient. In tracing Booth our detectives obtained the most of their information from the colored people.

There are few papers in the country weak and wicked enough to defend the peace negotiations of Sherman, and Ben. Wood's paper and the Eastern Argus are two of them.

It is stated that notice has been given by the government to the Canadian authorities, that it will be expected that they surrender, on the requisition of the United States, all persons connected with the murder of the President.

The English papers, notwithstanding our wonderful successes, which they concede, still continue to prophesy evil of us. According to these wisecracks, our troubles have but just commenced, and some go so far as to say that the South is as far from being subjugated as ever.

THE NEW YORK HERALD's despatch says that Harold has made a full confession and pointed out all the parties known by him to have been concerned in the plot.

SECRETARY SEWARD has so far recovered that he will participate in the meetings of the Cabinet in a few days. His son, too, continues to improve.

ORDERS have been issued for a great reduction in the expenses of the government.

One of the most cruel events of the whole war was the recent destruction of the steamer *Sultana* on the Mississippi, by which nearly seven hundred returned Union soldiers, fresh from the horrors of Andersonville prison, lost their lives. The steamer was loaded much beyond her capacity, and somebody is to blame and should be punished. The soldiers belonged in the Western States.

The rebel ram *Webb* recently escaped from Red River, and made her way down the Mississippi, past New Orleans, getting a 250 pound shot through her bows from the U. S. steamer *Lackawanna*. She kept on closely pursued, until 28 miles below the city, when finding formidable enemies in front and rear, she was run ashore, set on fire and abandoned. A portion of the officers and crew soon after gave themselves up.

INTERESTING INTERVIEW.—Sir Frederick Bruce, the new British Minister, had an interview with President Johnson, which is thus given by the correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*. He says:—

Sir Frederick Bruce's interview with President Johnson was as informal and as undiplomatic as President Lincoln himself could have made it. This new minister made his appearance with all his stars and decorations on, presented his credentials, and formally read his speech. Mr. Johnson replied, saying that he was glad to see him, and to welcome to the Capital a representative of Great Britain, and then added: "But, sir, I am not much used to the diplomatic formalities customary on such occasions. My idea is simply that two great nations ought to conduct their relations very much as two neighbors who sincerely desire peace and good fellowship between themselves would do, and that the less mere formalities about it the better." "I assure you, Mr. President," interrupted Sir Frederick, pointing to his uniform and decoration, "that I should be very much more at ease without these things than with them."

The remark was so thoroughly English, and at the same time so consonant to American prejudice against fuss and feathers, that the President and Minister became friends at once, and sat down for a chat. After some talk on national matters, there was a renewal of the mutual promise to talk over any difficulties that might arise between Great Britain and the United States like two neighbors, sincerely desirous of good terms with each other, and so the interview ended.

The barn of Mr. H. Rockwood, of Belgrade, as we learn from the *Portland Press*, was burned on Friday night, and a man named Willis has been arrested on suspicion of having set the fire.

A SIGNIFICANT QUESTION. Dr. Thompson of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, in his sermon on the death of President Lincoln, said:—

"Though a trusted, faithful ruler has died, yet God lives. When in the darkest day of slavery usurpations, Fred Douglas was uttering words of despair, that weird African prophetess, Sojourner Truth, rose on the platform as by an impulse from on high, and shaking her bony finger, cried, 'Stop Frederick! Is God dead?'"

On the 14th inst.—the very day of President Lincoln's assassination—a Democratic paper in Pennsylvania published the following words from C. Chumney Burr, one of the vilest wretches that ever escaped the penitentiary. Burr had just been on a visit to Wheatland, where he had spent a few hours with Mr. Buchanan, and in the exuberance of spirit generated by their interview, he says:—"For our own part, we have never feared for the ultimate triumph of truth and liberty nor doubted the overthrow and punishment of Lincoln and the partisans in his despotism. But we know of many who do doubt—a visit to Wheatland would reassure them. Mr. Buchanan has prepared a documentary history of the latter part of his administration, which will be published by the coming summer. It will do much to unmask the hypocrisy and crime of the despots in power, to save our country."

[Port. Press.]

THE ERA OF ASSASSINATION.—The *New York Times* expresses the opinion that we have entered upon "the era of assassination." It is quite possible that the infernal conspiracy which found so unscrupulous a tool in Booth, had other purposes which thus far it has failed to accomplish. But that we have entered upon an era in which our public rulers, or our great leaders, are hereafter to be subject to the fear of that most cowardly of crimes, we do not believe.

Assassination has always been the result of so depraved and vicious a state of public morals, that when its exceptional cause shall be removed in our own country, we need not fear its revival. The prompt retribution following so swift on the heels of this crime, the heat of popular indignation against it, and its utter failure to accomplish any of the objects sought for, will constitute arguments against it plain to the most stolid intellect. Rather than the beginning of an era, the murder of Mr. Lincoln is only the fitting culmination of an age of barbarism, to be forever buried, we hope, in the assassin's dishonored grave.

[Boston Advertiser.]

RICHMOND NEGROES.—But the niggers it was refreshing to hear them talk. Many were taken with Lee's army, as officers' servants, who are now finding their way to their homes within our lines further south. And Richmond darkies are on all sides, telling of their joy at the capture of their city. "I was just so happy when I knowed it, dat I couldn't no nuffin but jus lay right down and laff, and laff," said one. "I could jus roll up and laff. I declare I jus feel as happy as a man's got no religion in his soul." So some folks says a man can't tote a bar'l flour," chimed in another, "but I could tote a bar'l flour dat day, or a bar'l sugar." "I seed a rebel gwine down de street dat mornin'," said a third, with an erident appreciation of the privileges of a freed man, "wid a big ham, and I jus tuk dat ham from him and run'd right down de street. Ah! he hollar to me to stop; but I jus kept dat ham." "We had more liberty in one hour after you Yankees come, dan in all our lives afore," was the touching comment of yet another. Then followed a touching recital of the sufferings of a slave: "Dey part us all. Dey send us away from our family. Dey send us jus whar dey please. Dey ham cuff us. Dey put us in jail. Dey give us thirty-nine lashes. Dey starve us. Dey do ebery ting to us. Poor fellows! de end of all this has come, and they know it."—[Cor. Springfield Republican.]







MISCELLANY.

CELESTIAL PROLOGES.

The sun had put his nightcap on,  
And covered o'er his head,  
When countless stars appeared amid  
The curtains round his bed.

The moon arose, most motherly,  
To take a quiet nap,  
How all the stars behaved, while he,  
Their sovereign, was asleep.

She saw them wink their silvery eyes,  
As if in roguish play;  
Though silent to all, her they seemed  
As if they'd much to say.

So, lest their frolics should disturb  
The sleeping child of light,  
She rose so high that her mild eye  
Could keep them all in sight.

The stars, abashed, stole softly back,  
And looked demure and prim;  
Until the moon, being in the mood,  
Her eyes becoming dim.

Then sleepily she sought her home,  
That's nowhere where who knows where?  
And as she went the playful stars  
Renewed their twinkling glare.

And when the moon was fairly gone,  
The twinkling silvery eyes,  
Had so much fun it woke the sun,  
And he began to rise.

He rose in glory from his eyes  
Sprang forth a new-born day,  
Before whose brightness all the stars  
Ran hastily away.

FURBISH & PITMAN,

(Successors to Blunt & Coffin.)

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30

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Feb. 18, 1865.

34

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If he will only and laboriously supply you with

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37

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